



Scripts.com

# A Touch of Class

By Melvin Frank

Thataway, yes, sir! That's one.

Let's go, boy. Let's go, baby.

Come on. Check to him.

- Safe.

- Flex it. Come on.

Pitch it in.

Run!

Fair ball.

Fair ball?

That ball was foul, you blind son of a bitch!

It was that side of the tree.

By 5 yards that ball was foul.

What the hell do we have a tree for?

Why do we have a damn tree

if the ball falls 5 yards that side of it...

...and you still call it fair?

Give me my ball, lady.

Give me my kid, mister.

If you've finished trampling on him.

Right.

Thank you.

Come on. There you go, pal.

- You all right?

- Now can I have my ball?

- What?

- You're holding my ball.

Your ball?

- Thanks.

- Anytime.

What about your ball? Come on.

Taxi!

Taxi!

- Share it?

- Why not?

Where to?

- Where to?

- 80 Grosvenor Street, please.

Lady's going to 80 Grosvenor Street.

I'll be going on.

- That is exactly 60 pence with the tip.

- Forget it.

It's the right amount.

I take this trip every day.

- Not necessary.

- How kind.

I'll buy a house in the country.

- Terrible weather.

- Filthy.

If you live in London, you have to expect it.

Do you live in London?

- I do.

- Me, too.

- Really?

- Five years.

Practically English.

- Last habitable city in the world, isn't it?

- Yes.

You do anything you like.

Nobody bothers you.

- My name is Steven Blackburn.

- Vickie Alessio.

- It sounds Italian.

- It's my husband's name.

Were those your kids in the park?

- Yes.

- Nice-looking boys.

- Thank you, but one of the boys is a girl.

- I see.

I suppose your husband

likes to sleep late on Sundays.

Yes, he does.

You like to go home

and cook him a nice big breakfast.

No.

- Don't you like to cook?

- I love it.

- Doesn't he like to eat?

- He loves to eat.

- I don't understand.

- We have different kitchens.

His is in Milan.

That's a shame.

Please don't cry. He found another cook.

- Thank you very much.

- Mrs. Alessio?

You have a very good memory.

- What about tea?

- When?

- Tomorrow?

- Fine.

The Churchill.

Great. See you then.

- What time?

- 4:

It won't break up your day?

Don't cross-examine me in the rain.

I'll be there wet, but I'll be there.

- Just a second, Derek.

- Good afternoon.

- Lunch tomorrow?

- We haven't had tea yet.

If I can change one appointment,

I can be clear, okay?

Do you only eat and drink? I know nothing  
but your name and that you play baseball.

From the way you played,  
it's obviously not your career.

I'm in insurance. I'm married.

I live close to where Disraeli lived.

I have two kids and I'm a Leo.

Now, what about lunch tomorrow?

We should see how tea goes.

See how tea goes?

I'll talk to you later, Derek.

- Who's Derek?

- My male secretary.

Tea for two, please.

- What do you do?

- I'm in the rag trade.

- Buy or sell?

- I steal.

- Steal?

- I do, truly.

I steal designs from people like Dior,  
Cardin, and Givenchy.

I send them to my boss,

Mr. Sam Fingleman of New York...

...who makes them up in cheap materials  
and brings the rue St. Honor to Kline's.

- Sounds like very creative work.

- Thank you.

- Where'd you learn? Paris?

- No, Italy.

- I took a course in Milan.

- Enter Mr. Alessio.

- Yes.

- Also in the rag trade.

No. He specialized in charm.

It comes easy to Italians.

We were married for several years  
and had two children...

...and three cars, and he kept the cars.

- What about child support?

- He's rather odd about that.

He won't send me anything for the kids,  
if I don't send him something for the cars.

What about your wife?

Good-looking, bright, articulate,  
can start a fire with two pieces of wood.

We've been married for 11 years  
and I've never been unfaithful to her...

...in the same city.

- Where is she now?

- Out of town.

- I see.

- What about lunch?

- What do you have in mind?

- Just lunch.

- Where?

- I know a cute continental restaurant.

- Italian?

- Continental.

It's very discreet, out of the way,  
it's sort of...

...a hotel.

It's a very nice hotel.

It's got good food, great wine...

- I mean...

- What the hell, a girl has to eat.

It's difficult to steal in France,  
because they expect you to.

- They are such snobs with their clothes...

- Waiter.

- I'm boring you to tears.

- Not at all.

Why are you asking for the check?

I would have liked coffee.

Of course, it's just that...

...I've got this friend who's got this...

- Little place upstairs.

- Little place upstairs.

I thought we'd have some coffee and...

- Cognac?

- Cognac.

- You've been there before.

- I'm wildly guessing.

- Shall we?

- Why not?

Why pay for something

when you can get it for free?

I didn't mean it to sound like that.

Would you please forget what I said?

- Certainly.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Where do I go?

- Thank you.

- 'Bye, madam.

Thank you, sir.

How long have you been divorced?

About six months.

You had two kids in the first three years?

No, I had them in the first two years.

Was he Catholic?

No, he wasn't Catholic

and I wasn't careless.

I just wanted those kids. I don't know.

It all suddenly became extremely fine.

- Then why'd you keep his name?

- It was the only thing he was giving away.

My God, you ask a lot of questions.

People either hate it or love it.

It's about 70/30.

- Milk and sugar?

- Sugar, please.

You know, it's a funny thing.

I can always tell about people.

- Can you?

- I know immediately when I'm relating.

I felt it right away with you.

Do you feel it, too?

Well, I...

I must feel something,  
otherwise why am I here...

...when I should be stealing  
Saint Laurent's new autumn line?

- Exactly.

- Can I say something to you?

Sure.

In the past two days,  
you have picked me up in the rain...

...given me tea, bought me lunch,  
lured me to this hideaway...

...with the intention  
of getting me into bed...

...for what you Americans  
so charmingly call "a quickie."

Is that a fair resum so far?

Why do women always think the worst?

Why does sex always have to be  
the first thing that... Yes.

I'll be honest with you.

I'm a divorced woman.

I'm under a lot of strain and tension.

I'm not sleeping too well.

I can do with some good,  
healthy, uninvolved sex...

...with someone who loves his wife and  
won't be a pain in the ass when it's over.

This must be your lucky day.

I thought it was, but not in this  
overworked little joy station...

...where the sheets haven't been changed  
and I've to be in the office in half an hour.

If you would like to arrange  
a nice weekend somewhere...

...away from London, in the sun,  
where the sheets are changed every day...

...please do. I would be very happy  
to go with you.

Say something. Is it a deal?

It would do us both a world of good.

You rather more than me.

- I'm sorry.  
- It's all right. I have another one.  
Anything special, Derek?  
No, not really.  
Just the weekly sarcastic note  
from New York.  
Donnelly still wonders why Paris  
runs ahead of us on sales and adjustments.  
Also, Braithwaite took his usual  
upside-down look at this lot...  
...and started measuring your chair size.  
Anything else?  
Isn't that enough?  
Could you get me one  
of those continental weather reports?  
Continental weather report.  
Excuse me.  
What?  
Come in.  
Good afternoon.  
- I have a surprise.  
- What?  
I've arranged us a week in Spain.  
Could you just move,  
because I'm trying to sketch.  
- Pretty as you are, I can't see through you.  
- I'm sorry.  
- A week?  
- A week.  
- I said a weekend.  
- You can't just spend a weekend in Spain.  
- It takes that long for room service.  
- What about my children?  
Who will run this place?  
Maggie, the shoulder.  
You'll love it. Warm winds, great food,  
buffet right by the swimming pool.  
Big soft towels.  
- You can see Gibraltar.  
- I would adore to see Gibraltar.  
But I have a dog that needs exercise,  
a cat that's losing its hair...  
...a model who can't stand straight.  
Maggie, please.



- There are no problems we can't overcome.  
- I wish I could...  
Why aren't you at the airport?  
Because, Mrs. Alessio, I'm only mortal.  
I'm not Apollo.  
When God made me,  
he gave me hands, not wings.  
- What an oversight.  
- Just sign it. I've got a car waiting.  
- Hello, I'm Cecil.  
- Steven Blackburn.  
- Buying or selling?  
- Begging.  
How many times have I told you?  
A customs declaration should be typed.  
That would take forever, sweetie pie.  
I only type with one finger...  
...and I've hurt it.  
Please don't tell me how.  
Vickie, you have a long distance call.  
It's New York.  
Get that to the airport. Tie it between  
your teeth if need be. Teatime, Maggie.  
Sam? How are you?  
No, I'm fine. Yes. No.  
Let them run the ad.  
They'll be there 11:00, your time.  
Listen, Sam, are you standing up?  
Then sit down, because what  
I'm about to say will get you very excited.  
Guess where I'm going tomorrow. Spain.  
- Marbella.  
- It's near Mlaga.  
It's near Mlaga.  
No, I'm not going alone.  
I'm going with a fella.  
A very classy fella.  
That doesn't make you excited.  
Sam, you're getting old...  
...because it excites the hell out of me.  
Yes, I will do that. Goodbye.  
I told him you're a classy fella. Are you?  
I've got to be.  
I live around the corner from Disraeli.

There we are.

Thank you.

Come on, Josie.

Here we are at last. Thank you, dear.

- Gently does it, Gloria.

- Thanks, Daddy.

Don't you think we should have wired

Steve we were coming?

Why spoil his fun?

This way he'll have a lovely surprise.

Good afternoon, I'm Miss Ramos.

Can I help you?

Good afternoon, Miss Ramos,

my name is Blackburn.

Reservations for two round-trip tickets

to Mlaga, night flight tonight.

Thank you, Mr. Blackburn, I'll just check.

The seats are available, sir.

Charge mine to my travel card,

I'll pay cash for the other one.

Why not charge both tickets,

Mr. Blackburn?

This is a business card.

I charge my ticket to the business.

They pay for it and the other is  
a surprise vacation trip for my mother.

- How nice. What's your mother's name?

- Vickie.

Vickie Allessio.

- Allessio?

- She remarried.

I'll get the tickets.

Here, one for Mr. Blackburn

and one for Mrs. Allessio.

I'll take that. I'm Mrs. Allessio.

Happy Mother's Day.

Just tell me one thing:

Why must you leave tonight...

...on the very day

my parents arrive for a visit?

Because when the S.S. Sera Magoso

rammed into the S.S. Antonio...

...ripping out its corkscrew

turbine rotor shaft...

...they didn't know about your parents,  
or they would've avoided each another.

- You could send Braithwaite there.

- That's all I need now.

Why don't you both go down?

We didn't come to see you.

We came to be with our babies.

I'd love that, Grace,

but Gloria hates the place.

She can't stand the wind, the food.

Isn't that right, dear?

We were there last September.

- It was miserable.

- But in July, it's gorgeous.

Really. You'll enjoy it.

Ask her nice, Steve.

You might have a pretty roommate.

Why not try it, dear?

Maybe in July, it won't have the wind  
and the lousy food and the heat.

- The flies.

- You think I can still get a ticket?

- That's another thing.

- That's easy.

- What are you flying?

- Iberian.

- You want me to call?

- No, I'll get it.

- Do you know the number?

- Yes, I do.

If you have any problems,

I know Valdez very well.

He runs the outfit.

He'd be glad to help you.

Valdez. If I need him, I'll call him.

Hello, Iberia, this is Mr. Blackburn.

I made a reservation.

Hello, Mr. Blackburn. This is Miss Ramos.

You're still on.

Yes, I'm still on. Our night girl got sick.

I need one more ticket

on the Mlaga flight for Mrs. Blackburn.

Your grandmother?

My wife.

We can confirm that reservation.  
The party will be you, your wife,  
and your mother.  
Thank you, Miss Ramos.  
That's that.  
Come on, dear. We'd better pack.  
Just close the door, please. Come on, dog.  
Quick, lovely ride in the car.  
In you get. All right.  
Good.  
Oh, dog.  
When are you gonna learn to walk?  
God, you're heavy.  
Are you mad? What are you doing?  
My mother is allergic to cats,  
dogs and birds.  
- See you next week.  
- But I've got a dog, a cat and a bird.  
Then you'll have two dogs, two cats  
and two birds. Two of everything, Cecil.  
Are they housebroken?  
I can only vouch for the bird.  
My God.  
Come along.  
Gloria, have I ever criticized you  
about the way you raise the children?  
- No.  
- Never?  
But this time you're blowing it.  
We'll return to two really screwed-up kids.  
You know how your folks treat them.  
Bicycles for this. Roller skates for that.  
They bribe them for affection.  
Remember when Billy came back  
from a month with them?  
He wouldn't smile until I gave him \$3.  
I'm telling you.  
There's a time to think of yourself  
and a time to think of the children.  
- What's lberia's number?  
- I'll do it.  
I suppose there is  
only one practical solution.  
That's right.

- Hello, Iberia, Miss Ramos?  
- We'll take the kids with us.  
This is Mr. Blackburn,  
and we'll take the kids with us.  
Take the kids with us?  
You're right, darling.  
They'll be better off with us.  
- Are you serious?  
- I'll make some excuse to my parents.  
Make the reservation, darling.  
Miss Ramos, I'd like to add my son  
and daughter to that party.  
They're just little children.  
Do you take them that late at night?  
Yes, and I can confirm that for you now.  
Thank you.  
We've just been confirmed.  
Good.  
And please make sure  
they clean their teeth. 'Bye.  
The airport, please.  
Maria, get the children up and packed.  
We're taking them to Marbella.  
Maria, lay out their beach things.  
I'll come and check it all, okay?  
- I'll go help Maria.  
- Just a second.  
Hi, Miss Ramos, this is Mr. Blackburn.  
I want two more seats.  
Mr. And Mrs. Wendell Thompson.  
Yes, Miss Ramos, my in-laws.  
- What are you doing?  
- Just a minute, Miss Ramos.  
You don't think they would miss a chance  
to spoil their grandchildren, do you?  
They'll be down on the next plane,  
if they have to buy the airline.  
God, it's turning into a pilgrimage.  
You'd better go down alone.  
I think that makes sense, too.  
Miss Ramos, cancel my in-laws,  
my wife and my children.  
Just you and Mother.  
Roger.

Are you free?

It's Iberia. There's rather a lot. I think if you went round it might be easier.

- Thanks. How much?

- £2, madam.

- Goodbye.

- 'Bye.

- Thanks very much.

- Cheers.

Hey, Steve. Steve.

- Over here, it's Walter.

- Hello, Walter.

How are you doing?

- Where are you headed? Mlaga?

- Yeah.

So am I. Who are you with?

Nobody.

- Good. We'll sit together on the plane.

- Swell.

That's terrific.

I hate to sit with strangers on a plane.

They try to tell you their life story.

They really annoy you.

You know what I mean?

- Gloria all right?

- Fine. Great.

- And the children?

- The children are great.

Steve, there is something

I wanted to talk to you about.

I got this screenplay ready to shoot.

It's a Western with weirdoes.

I got these Apaches...

...and they start sucking this peyote root.

It drives them crazy.

Everyone starts banging everyone else.

It's got everything: Pot, sex, massacres, orgies. Take the whole family.

It's gonna cost about \$600,000.

Do you think Gloria's old man

would like to go in for about \$200,000?

- What?

- The picture I just told you about.

Sorry, Walt. That's my deaf side.

Do you think Gloria's father  
would invest \$250,000 in my new picture?

- No.

- Are you sure?

Positive. He's been approached before.

You know something?

I liked you better when you couldn't hear.

I ordered a car, a Seat 124.

Seor Blackburn, if you complete  
the papers, I'll get the keys.

- A Seat 124 is really a Fiat.

- Yes.

It's not a bad little car.

It'll hold all the luggage you have.

- Don't talk to me. Don't look at me.

- What?

- What's the matter?

- Steve, boy.

- That's what's the matter.

- Hi, Walter. Son of a bitch.

You'd think those customs guys  
would know me by now.

What a mess. Excuse me, Miss.

- I beg your pardon.

- Stand by, pal. I may need you.

I'm Walter Menkes of Menkes Films.

I'd like a Seat 124.

I'm sorry. We don't have one car left.

You've got a car. A car.

- Yeah.

- Good, you can give me a lift.

You can find him a car.

He's a friend of mine.

What's the sweat?

You drop me off at Los Monteros.

- They got cars.

- It's on your way.

- Patty and the kids are waiting.

- What about those cars?

- They're reserved.

- You must have something.

We do have a Seat 600

that's just been returned.

But I'm a little nervous about the clutch.

- He'll take it.  
- What do you mean?  
You know what a 600 is?  
It's a kiddie car. It's this big.  
- Oh, boy.  
- You've got to step outside to shift gears.  
You don't drive it. You mail it.  
In the water,  
it becomes an outboard motor.  
All right, Walter.  
You take my car. I'll take the 600.  
- This is stupid.  
- It's not stupid.  
I'll drop you off.  
- We'll have a nice ride, pleasant talk.  
- It's no good.  
Why not?  
I've got this...  
I've got a trick back.  
If someone else drives...  
...it could easily go right into spasm.  
- Spasm?  
You know, you're a sick fellow  
with the ear and the spasms.

**It's 2:**

Please take the car.  
- Can I at least buy you a meal?  
- Sure.  
Tonight?  
- Great.  
- Dinner?  
- Fine.  
- Why should you be alone?  
We'll have a nice quiet evening.  
Just you, me, Patty and the boys.  
We'll have a fun evening.  
- After dinner, I'll read you the screenplay.  
- I look forward to it.  
Miss?  
- Can I give you a lift?  
- Thank you. I'm being met.  
You should go. It sounds like fun.  
What is this?



- Where do I sign?
- Here.
- Ever been in one of these?
- In Italy, when I was younger and shorter.
- Can you manage this?
- On my knee. Anything else?

Well, there's this.

- Gracias.
- Gracias.

If the clutch gives you any trouble,  
change the car in Marbella.

I'll keep it in mind.

- Have a pleasant trip.
- Bye-bye.
- Thank you.
- Adis.

That's second, it's an Italian gearbox.

- Thanks.
- No, that's third. First is up here.
- See?
- I see.

Good thing you're here.

- Ready?
- Yes.
- Nervous?
- No.

That's my girl.

It's a nice little car. It spins right along.

- You're still in first.
- Of course.
- Use the clutch.
- Right.

Sorry. I'm sorry.

There's a car coming.

There's a truck, it's trying to pass you.

Come on.

You're still in third.

- Would you like to drive?
- No.
- You sure?
- Positive.

Besides, I didn't bring my license.

For God's sake.

You'd think there'd be a porter

or something.

Leave the stuff here  
and I'll come back for it.

It's all right.

I've always wanted long arms.

- You all right?

- I'm all right.

Good morning, sir.

My name is Blackburn.

This is Mrs. Alessio.

- We ordered a suite.

- Un momento, seor.

I'm sorry, Mr. Blackburn...

...but there's no reservation for a suite.

It's a room. A double room.

- Any objections?

- Anything, as long as I can see Gibraltar.

- Will we see Gibraltar?

- S, seor.

This way, please.

Just one moment, please. What is that?

What is what?

Does Gibraltar

have washing hanging all over it?

What are you talking about?

Because if it doesn't,

we don't have a view of Gibraltar.

What do we have a view of?

Roughly, I'd say the laundry.

Don't be ridiculous. They don't even have  
big laundries down here.

- What is that out there?

- It's the laundry.

It's the laundry.

I told you we want to see Gibraltar.

We want a room with a view of Gibraltar,  
comprende?

S, seor.

What we'd like, seor,

is a room with a view...

...and a toilet with a seat.

That's not asking too much, is it?

Vickie?

Why don't we unpack in the morning?

- Aren't you tired?
- Only of unpacking.

I see.

Very well.

- Would you like that light on or off?
- Whichever you prefer.
- How about on?
- Certainly.

Would you do me a very big favor?

I thought that's what I was doing.

Would you mind getting on the other side?

What's wrong with this side?

Nothing, it's just more natural for me being on that side.

I don't want to cause an international incident...

...but it's more natural for me this side.

We always started this way.

- We?
- Me and my Italian.

He had this tennis elbow and a bad shoulder and...

Anyway, I just got used to this side.

It doesn't work for me.

- Why not?
  - I'm deaf in my left ear.
- What's that got to do with it?
- I won't be able to hear you.
  - I'm not going to say very much.

You're going to breathe.

Sometimes that sounds pretty good.

Who knows? A word of encouragement may slip out, it could do wonders.

- Shall I walk around?
- What?

Shall I walk around?

Why don't you slip over and I'll slide under?

No, I think it's better if I slip under and you slide over.

Why don't we just kind of roll towards...

It's getting awfully late. Why don't you just get on top and hope for the best?

- I've heard it put more romantically.

- Indeed.

Christ, you're beautiful.

- My God, you can see Gibraltar.

- Where?

- What's the matter?

- Spasm.

- I'm in spasm.

- What do you mean?

You think you're in spasm

and you're not in spasm, and I'm in spasm.

- Oh, boy.

- What do I do?

I think you better call the doctor.

Get the doctor.

Don't move. Please, don't move.

- How do I get the doctor if I don't move?

- Very slowly, that's all. Very slowly.

Oh, God!

Buenos das, seoras, seores.

Another beautiful day on the Costa del Sol.

I can't reach the phone. If you can just...

I've got the phone.

Help! What's doctor in Spanish?

- What is Spanish for doctor?

- II dottore.

- You sure?

- I think so.

- It sounds Italian.

- Well, maybe it's Italian. It's foreign.

- You tell them.

- Please, I'm in spasm.

- He's in spasm.

- Could you send a doctor?

Easy.

Gently.

Now, what precisely were you doing

when this thing happened?

I was sort of...

We were making love.

We were making love.

So, in the middle of making love

with this woman...

...you turned to see Gibraltar.

- S?

- S.  
I see.  
Now, I'm going to turn you over, so relax.  
Very gently. Gently.  
Okay, it's coming.  
Relax. That's it.  
- Would you give me a hand with the foot?  
- Hand with the foot?  
Yes, give him a hand with the foot.  
Very gently. Relax.  
How do you feel?  
Better. Better.  
Good. Now you can put him  
back in the bed.  
Thank you.  
Easy. Gently.  
Give him this.  
- This?  
- To sleep.  
- To sleep.  
- Rest good.  
And do not try to make love again  
until you can touch your toes.  
- Touch my toes?  
- Like this.  
Then everything will be all right. Adis.  
- Adis.  
- Adis.  
Gracias.  
Muchas gracias.  
Can I have the pills, please?  
How are you enjoying the trip so far?  
Nice.  
That's what I thought.  
Aren't you going to get under the covers?  
No.  
I see. Nice.  
Mom, can I have one of these?  
All the guys have them.  
No, no, no.  
Why not, Mom?  
Excuse me, do you speak English?  
I try, but I'm an American.  
I have a son about the same size as yours.

Could I borrow him?

- You can have him all day if you want to.

- Thanks. Do you mind?

- Are you British?

- Yes.

- From London? Me, too.

- Yes.

We've been living there for years.

What did you say your name was?

Well, I didn't.

But it's Alessio, Vickie Alessio.

Thanks very much.

- Where are you staying?

- Guadalmina.

Maybe you and Mr. Alessio would have dinner with my husband and me.

Well, that's very kind of you,

but I'm afraid I'm right out of Mr. Alessios.

- Are you here alone?

- Yes.

- That makes it easier.

- It doesn't actually.

Because I'm here for a sort of a rest.

And I'm on a diet. And you know how it is.

Thanks for the use of the chest.

Mrs. Alessio, how do you spell that?

Two L's, two S's and I'm out a lot.

No.

Hello.

How are you feeling?

- I can touch my toes.

- Can you?

You do realize

that I've just greased myself...

...with two tubes of very expensive suntan oil?

I couldn't help noticing.

Pardon me for asking, but did you always get what you want when you wanted it?

Even before I knew what to do with it.

If we are going to eat,

and I really think we...

Are you still asleep?

I feel marvelous.

I fell asleep before I could say thanks.

How do you feel?

Fine. But they do stop serving lunch  
in 10 minutes.

Everything okay?

I booked a table,  
but you know what they're like.

You know what I mean.

How was it for you?

Very nice.

- "Very nice"?

- Yes.

- Just "very nice"?

- What's wrong with "very nice"?

"Very nice" is hardly the phrase to describe  
two bodies locked in heavenly transport.

You wouldn't chisel "very nice" in granite  
under Rodin's The Kiss.

"Very nice" is when you get a get well card  
from the butcher or TV repairman.

That's "very nice."

But for what we just did, the comments  
range from lousy to sensational.

The rockets went off or the earth moved.

For God's sake.

These things take time.

This is a body not a machine.

You don't just press a button  
and "Pow! " the earth moves.

- It moved pretty good for me.

- Well, lucky you.

God, you are all the same.

This obsession with male sexual prowess.

It is so typically American.

- Is it?

- It is, if you don't mind me telling you.

I don't mind you telling me. Not a bit.

It's that phrase I can't stand,

"Typically American."

Why not?

Because there's no such thing  
as "typically American."

It's a big place. Which "typically  
American" Americans do you mean?

The cab drivers in New York?  
The coalminers in Pennsylvania?  
The students at Berkeley? The Mormons  
in Utah? The Harlem Globetrotters?  
The daughters of the American Revolution,  
you mean those?  
I'll tell you,  
they're all throwing rocks at each other.  
The only thing "typically American"  
about 200 million Americans...  
...is that they never do anything "typically"  
alike and that goes for humping, too.  
Well, of course. I've had it off  
with all 200 million of them.  
Don't be an idiot.  
Why are you so angry?  
The earth moved for you.  
I've never seen anyone  
change so fast in my life.  
I haven't changed a bit.  
I'm the same sweet, sex-crazed  
"typical American" I was 20 minutes ago!  
And just remember this:  
There is no better way for a man  
to start the day...  
...than with that bracing, glowing,  
ego-building feeling...  
...of knowing that he has struck out  
in the sack.  
"Struck out in the sack" is, I assume...  
...a mixed metaphor,  
undoubtedly American, and probably nasty.  
- It'll do.  
- And may I point out...  
...as you have never noticed,  
women are a little different from men.  
- They require time. A little sensitivity.  
- English women.  
All women!  
Anybody but a superannuated Boy Scout  
would know that.  
End of conversation. Oh, boy!  
- "Oh, boy" what?  
- Nothing.



It just takes time to know a person.

- It certainly does.

- Time and trouble.

Lots of time and lots of trouble.

- Right.

- Do you want lunch?

- Just a sandwich. I'm playing golf.

- Good. I'll trail along.

- You don't have to.

- No, but I could use the exercise.

I'll say. God knows,

you didn't get any this morning.

Enrique, 100 for the first nine,

- Comprende?

- S, seor.

- Mucho bene.

- I shall win though.

Are you gambling with this child?

It's not gambling.

These kids have Spanish pride.

So instead of tipping him, I let him win.

- So he wins, does he?

- Yeah, if he can.

I see.

- What is that supposed to mean?

- What is what supposed to mean?

"I see." That supercilious, cold-assed,

English way of saying "I see."

It means I'm delighted

the boy has a chance to win.

I'd hate to witness a grown man

who has to beat an 8-year-old child.

He's 13, smokes cigarettes,

goes to the flamenco dancer...

...and he gives me two shots aside.

- Ol!

- You gonna count that?

- You play four.

- She was talking to me.

- You lie three, you play four.

You know, winning is not that important.

You learn that as you go through life.

That's right. It's how you play the game.

Nice shot.

Nice shot.

- Muy bien.

- Try and stay off the green, will you?

What is it?

My cousins want to bet on me.

- Your cousins want to bet on you?

- S.

- Starting from here?

- S.

- Hundred, hundred, hundred?

- S.

- They're gonna give me two shots aside?

- S.

It's their money.

Seor, my cousins' friends

would like to bet on me.

- Your cousins' friends want to bet on you?

- S.

- Same action as before?

- S.

Okay, kid.

- Hey, seor.

- What is it?

My cousins' friends' cousins

would like to bet on me.

- Your cousins' friends' cousins?

- S.

- Same action as before?

- S.

Okay, kid. Get out the way you got in.

Vale.

Perdname.

What are you doing? What's all this?

Here is your money.

Forget it. I just got lucky.

You win a few, you lose a few. Here.

Buy the boys a drink. See you later.

What's bugging you now?

- Apart from the fact you're still in second?

- Yes.

All right. This isn't a romantic holiday,  
it's a proving ground.

I think you brought me here for

the same reason you had to beat that kid.

- You do, huh?

- I do, "huh."

And I think your wife

gives you two shots aside...

...and she's not happy in the end, either.

Let's get one thing straight,

since I came with you, not Freud...

...which was my first mistake,

I've had all the amateur analysis I can take.

- Is that clear?

- Perfectly, and you're still in second.

I'm going to Mlaga

to take care of my business.

I figure I'll eat out. Alone.

You'll enjoy the company.

Hey, Steve!

I just called your room.

I wanted to see if you're still free tonight.

- I sure am, Walter.

- Good.

Antonio's at the port at 8:30.

- Good. See you then.

- Okay.

- Where are you going?

- Business.

How's the clutch?

- What?

- The clutch!

- Fine!

- Okay.

Hello.

- Miss Allessio?

- Yes.

This is the lady you met this morning.

The one with the little boy.

- You borrowed his chest.

- How are you?

Would you like to go to dinner

with my husband and me tonight?

That would be very nice.

Great. We'll pick you up at about 8:15.

I'll look forward to it.

- Good evening, sir.

- Mr. Menkes' table.

Hey, Steve, over here!

Hello, Walter.

- Sorry I'm late.

- It's all right.

- Hello, Patty.

- Hi, Steve. How are you?

Steve, this is Vickie Allessio.

You two are in the same hotel.

This is Steve Blackburn.

Mr. Blackburn.

Mrs. Allessio.

We're off and running.

But you've got to be careful.

He's a slow starter, but he finishes fast.

So watch out.

- Wally.

- What's wrong?

They're two healthy people,  
down here on their own.

No ties. No responsibilities.

It makes your mouth water.

Wally.

What do you want to drink?

- Whatever Mrs. Allessio wants.

- Whatever Mr. Blackburn wants.

- What about sangria?

- Yes. They say sangria's great.

- Lovely.

- Fine.

Camarero!

It's very Spanish. We're here.

Could I have some water?

Camarero!

I was just telling Wally this afternoon,  
it's a shame Steve's wife couldn't come.

You'd just love her. Wouldn't she?

- They'd love each other.

- Really?

She's such an amazing girl.

She's had every advantage,  
and you'd never know.

No pretenses, no airs.

She sounds wonderful.

- Why didn't you bring her?

- I wish I had.

You'd never get Gloria to leave those kids.

She devotes herself to them,

night and day. Especially the little one.

- How old is Josie now?

- Seven.

Cute as a button, but she's got a bit of a...

- What is it, a metabolism problem?

- Metabolism.

Oh, dear.

- So she's a little on the heavy side.

- Of course.

Could I have some more wine?

Camarero!

But Josie's really a lovely girl,

and once she finishes at the orthodontist...

...she's gonna be gorgeous.

She has crooked teeth?

I think there's something more interesting  
to talk about...

...than my daughter's metabolism rate  
or fixing her teeth.

We could talk about my kids' teeth,

but they don't stop eating long enough...

...to get them fixed.

Did I say something wrong?

Oh, boy.

There you go "oh, boying" again.

What's bothering Mr. Sensitive now?

What do you know about sensitivity,  
picking on a child?

I did not. I'm sure she's a lovely girl.

A lovely fat girl with crooked teeth.

- They're not crooked. Just overlapping.

- That's crooked.

- This is ridiculous. Let's call a truce.

- Fine by me.

You are extraordinary. I've never known  
an adult who could be hurt so easily.

- Do you come from a large family?

- Yes, I do.

Lots of brothers and sisters?

There you are, then.

Your mother spent too much time

with the others.

Is this a seminar on family relations?

You finish chopping up my daughter,  
you start on my mother.

It's a strange time

to start attacking someone's mother.

- I wasn't attacking. I was talking.

- I don't call that talking.

- Tearing up a lady who never did you harm.

- I don't believe this!

She was a marvelous woman.

And I'll tell you this:

We weren't the richest kids,

but I never went to school in a dirty shirt.

Dear God!

Polio shots.

First electric blanket on the block.

Great food in the winter.

You lie there and hack away

at a woman like that.

Suddenly, I'm in bed with your mother.

In bed with my mother?

That's the most disgusting thing

I've ever heard in my life.

- What are you doing now?

- I'm leaving the sanatorium.

I've had enough therapy.

- I'm going back to London, tonight.

- It'll do us both the world of good.

You bet your ass.

What a washout this has been.

I'm gonna press it in my book of memories.

You should have been a worm.

A cestode worm. You know why?

Because it has a complete set  
of male and female sexual organs...

...in each of its 100 sections,

and spends its life copulating with itself.

Wouldn't that be lovely? You could've

taken you away for a weekend.

You'd have had you all to yourself.

And all those questions.

"Was I good? You were wonderful.

Did the earth move? The house collapsed.

"Am I manly?"

No, but you're a great worm."

You missed your profession: A worm.

Crawling and humping its way through life,  
and badly.

Thank you.

- Where are you going?

- London. It's where I live.

You can leave tomorrow.

I've had this place with or without you,  
and even if we must go together...

...I am going home to my thin children,  
with their straight teeth.

You can go tomorrow.

- I am going now!

- All right. Okay.

But I don't want to hear one more word  
out of you ever. Is that understood?

Perfectly. So listen very clearly,  
because this is the last thing I will say:  
Make a reservation.

Not necessary.

And if you're not downstairs in 10 minutes,  
I'm leaving without you.

You can stay here and find another worm,  
and hold another seminar.

- Can I help you, sir?

- Flight 826 to London.

- Two tickets, please.

- Flight 826 to London is full.

- Flight 826 to London is never full.

- It is tonight, sir.

- When did the last two tickets go?

- Just a few moments ago.

Press that in your book of memories.

- When is the next plane to London?

- **11:**

- Can I help you, miss?

- Thank you, I'm getting very good at this.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Welcome to the house of mirth.

One phone call. One stupid phone call.

It would've cost seven pesetas.  
You could've won that from your caddie.  
Oh, yeah?  
I've had a bellyful  
of your chicken-shit innuendos...  
...your snotty insults,  
and your smart-assed needling.  
Get stuffed, you big schmuck.  
Listen to Princess Grace, here.  
Bertha Ball-Buster.  
You're as tender,  
sweet and feminine as Attila the Hun.  
- Well, you should know.  
- You should have a uniform and a whistle.  
You direct traffic in bed, out of bed,  
on the phone, in the car.  
Talk about penis envy. You invented it.  
- Now!  
- Now.  
Don't break the lamp!  
You typical American!  
Is this a way to treat a hotel?  
Don't do it!  
Thank you very much. Good night.  
- Now, Mr. Know-All!  
- Okay.  
For God's sake. My chance to be raped,  
you can't get your trousers off.  
Isn't that Vickie and Steve?  
- I guess they're getting together.  
- I hope we haven't started something.  
With Steve? Not a chance.  
He's probably selling her a policy.  
She just grabbed his arm.  
What should she grab? She just met him.  
Watch the bull.  
Ol!  
- Don't tell me they weren't holding hands.  
- You're fantastic.  
Two people reach for a peanut  
at the same time, they're holding hands.  
- You got a mind like a house detective.  
- You should know.  
Just pass me the potato chips.



After you've checked them for fingerprints.

Oh, boy.

"Got no pajamas with my monogram

"And just like Papa, I am what I am

"But she loves me

She told me she loved me last night

"Oh, last night, oh, yes

"She loves me

She told me so last night

"Oh, last night

"She loves me

She told me so last night"

- That's really awful.

- I thought it was beautiful.

- Were you in love when you wrote it?

- Yes. I was 18, in college.

- I was always in love. Weren't you?

- No.

- Even at 18?

- No.

When did you first fall in love?

- I didn't.

- What?

That blind, passionate, all-out  
whatever-it-is you're supposed to feel...

...is something I have never felt.

Maybe I'm incapable.

I don't believe that.

Why not? After all, I'm your everyday  
cold-assed, supercilious English woman.

I'm terribly sorry I said that.

Don't be. It warmed things up quite a bit.

It did? Well, I'm very pleased to hear that.

Mr. Blackburn.

- What is it?

- Your tickets to London are confirmed.

No. We don't leave until the 26th.

This is the 26th, seor. You leave at 5:00.

Thank you.

- Shall we take a swim?

- Yes, please.

Hey!

Look alive.

Ready when you are. Lights and camera.

All right.

- Action.

- Steve! Hey, Steve!

What's so important,

you have to crash in without calling?

Are you a dentist? I need an appointment?

It's business.

- There's nothing about your business...

- It's not my business.

It's too intelligent,

keeping my nose in my own business.

This is none of my business.

You and the lady.

- What are you talking about?

- The bullfight, the beach...

...the restaurant.

You could've taken out an ad.

What are we doing? Where you going?

Steve, I'm gonna tell you something.

How do you want it?

In front of her, here?

Or up there, all by ourselves?

Listen carefully, Steve.

I know what I'm talking about.

I'm one of the walking wounded.

It's true.

Even a schlep like me

gets a little action once in a while.

Most of it is tired quail

that fly south the next day.

But once, and only once,

did I hook into the real thing.

Happened in Malibu.

Oh, boy, was she something.

We had a great setup.

A shack on the beach. She cooked, I ate.

- What the hell, we dug each other.

- Do you know what a thrill this is?

To waste my last hours here

listening to the plot of your next dirty film?

This was for real, Steve.

And it was fantastic.

But then the guilt started tearing me apart.

- La cuenta.

- Wait a minute.

I went to a shrink five times a week  
to hear the same questions.

"Do you love the girl? Sure, I do.

"Do you love your wife and kids?

Of course I love them.

"Would you give them up for the girl?

Hell, no.

"Would you give the girl up for them?

I can't. I love her."

\$18,000 later, he came to the key question.

"Do you love her enough to give her up?"

That's the one that pinned me to the rack.

One cockamamie question

cost me \$18,000.

And that doesn't include the Kleenex

I used up crying.

I didn't go back to the coast for five years.

By that time, she'd had twin boys...

...and a kidney-shaped pool, went

to Weight Watchers every Thursday night.

I've got to meet Patty and the boys.

We're going on some fakakta picnic.

That's all I need now, Spanish ants.

You two may be two ships that passed

in the night and scraped hulls for a week.

In which case, relax and enjoy.

I see.

Lots of luck, boy-chick.

He was right, your fat friend.

He was right.

He loved a girl enough to give her up.

But, my God, \$18,000?

I could have told him for a lot less.

I'm not giving you up.

- What?

- I'm not giving you up. Look.

- I know I'm selfish and neurotic.

- And American.

American.

- Married.

- Married.

- Spoiled.

- Spoiled.

Which is precisely  
why I'm not giving you up.  
Why can't we get a little flat in Soho?  
We'll see each other whenever we can.  
And if you're worried  
about breaking up a family, forget it.  
There will be no families broken up.  
You just have to take my word for it.  
I think that Soho makes a lot of sense,  
for both of us.  
You can walk there.  
I can take a taxi, the tube, or the 22 bus.  
Vickie, what the hell have we got to lose?  
And which part of Soho  
did you have in mind?  
- Do you like Chinese food?  
- I love Chinese.  
The reason I ask is,  
there is a street called Macclesfield Street.  
- Do you know it?  
- To know it is to love it.  
- You've had a flat there before.  
- Many times.  
- What's the flat number?  
- 4D.  
They're all named French.  
- You think they're related?  
- Only in price.  
- Only in what?  
- Price.  
What do you think?  
- It's not bad.  
- No, it isn't, is it? Really.  
- It's got distinct possibilities.  
- Sure.  
Oh, God.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
- You moving into 4D?  
- Yes, I am.  
- I'm Dora French. I'm in 5D, just above.  
- Hello.  
If you get a bit busy...  
Anything you can't handle,

know what I mean?

- I'd be most obliged.

- It would be my pleasure, certainly.

Yes.

- Thanks very much.

- Not at all.

- 'Bye.

- 'Bye.

This is the second day she's forgotten her lunch box.

- Would you like some coffee, dear?

- No, I ate too much.

- Coq au vin was perfect.

- Thank you.

- I think I'm going to walk it off.

- Take Dilly with you.

- Dilly?

- Yeah, take him with you.

You think he should go out in the rain?

It stopped an hour ago.

Yeah. Right.

Dilly, come on.

Taxi!

- Hello.

- Hi.

Hi.

- Sorry about this.

- It's all right.

- Are we eating?

- That is what we arranged.

Oh, right.

- What are we having?

- Coq au vin. I hope you're hungry.

- I can always eat.

- Good.

- I'll just put Dilly down.

- Take your coat off.

- How did you manage to get away?

- Actually, I'm out walking the dog.

Goodbye, coq au vin.

Your sweater.

- Oh, God.

- Okay?

Give me that. Come on.

Crikey, you got four arms.

- Thursday.

- Thursday. Go on.

- Is that you, dear?

- Yeah.

How did it go?

Was he a good boy or a bad boy?

You know, he didn't do a thing.

I'm gonna take him for another 20 minutes.

That's silly.

No, if you're gonna train a dog,  
you got to train him right.

Here, Dilly! Come on, Dilly!

Come on, boy. Come on, Dilly.

Taxi!

I've had a job offered me.

I wasn't gonna tell you.

I wasn't going to take it.

But I know now, it's the only way out.

- Where?

- A long way away. Johannesburg.

Eric.

My brother's out there.

They're opening a new hospital...

It's a fine opportunity, really.

I'll take Madeleine and the boys.

It's been torturing me,  
the necessity of making a decision.

I haven't told anybody, not even Madeleine.

Do you want me to stay?

- To turn down the offer?

- Don't be foolish, Eric.

Forgive me?

Forgive you for what?

For bringing you so much misery.

I'll forgive you if you'll forgive me.

How will it end with us?

Don't talk about it. I don't know.

It'll end. Everything ends.

All that was a week ago.

Socks, please.

Today was our last day together.

Our very last together in all our lives.

Dirty enough?

- It's beautiful.

- **At 12:**

Those last few hours went by so quickly.

- Sunday.

- Yeah, Sunday.

Sunday.

...I had no thoughts at all.

Only an overwhelming desire  
not to feel anything ever again.

Safe. The game's over.

Excuse me.

Sorry.

Here you are.

You're not leaving?

We're taking the kids to lunch  
at Kew Gardens.

- Didn't I tell you?

- No.

- Christ, I thought I mentioned it. Sorry.

- That's all right.

- You didn't go to any trouble?

- No.

- You sure?

- Truly. Do you have time for coffee?

- I don't even have time for a shower.

- Oh, dear.

What are you gonna do?

You gonna take the kids to lunch?

Something like that, yes. Don't worry.

- Sure?

- Truly.

- Why do you look worried?

- I'm only worried you'll be late.

- Have a nice day.

- And you.

Cecil? It's me. Listen.

How'd you like to come for lunch,  
stay for dinner, play chess...

...watch TV, and kiss me good night?

- Sorry, I've already made arrangements.

- Yes, of course you have.

'Bye.

'Bye.

The picture is just about set.  
I hired this hot, new director.  
Sensational. \$12,000.  
He's 24 years old, hair down to here.  
He has to use a shoehorn  
to get into his pants.  
The guy wears bracelets.  
He has heels like that.  
- Walter.  
- The guy's last picture was a smash.  
- Kind of a group grope in 3D.  
- Walter...  
When you see those big boobs coming  
out of the screen at you, you better duck.  
- Walter.  
- What?  
- You remember that talk we had in Spain?  
- Don't tell me that's still going on.  
You told me that you broke up  
with the girl because you loved her.  
But you didn't tell me how.  
Only one way, pal:  
According to the rules laid down  
by the Geneva Convention.  
Kick her right in the teeth.  
Lay it on the line.  
Sometimes you got to be cruel to be kind.  
- I got it.  
- Lunch is on me.  
I hate to see a guy losing them all.  
Listen, could you lend me  
a couple of pounds?  
Why don't you sign, Walter?  
They won't let me do that in here anymore.  
My treat.  
And the solid color  
should be out there, okay?  
Hello?  
Hi. Can you make it tonight?  
Tonight? Isn't it your night  
for the symphony?  
I can get away for a bit.  
There's something I want to talk about.  
Can you get a sitter for the kids



and meet me at the flat?

Okay, fine.

Good. See you later.

'Bye.

- I'm in a hurry.

- All right.

It's flattering that you'd give up Beethoven for me, even if it is only for 30 bars.

- Drink?

- No, thanks.

- Vickie.

- Yes.

- Why don't you sit down?

- Thank you.

- Vickie.

- Yes, again.

I think I'll have that drink.

- You said you had something to say to me.

- I do.

I do. I have something that I want to say to you.

I've been doing some thinking.

- About us, which is natural.

- Yes.

It's...

What I wanted to say was that...

It's just that...

That...

I love you very much, and I can't seem to get you out of my mind.

Which is not that important, but...

Oh, my God.

You are so ignorant about what is important.

- What are you doing?

- Taking your coat off.

- No, wait. We can't. We can't do this.

- I've done it.

- I've got to be at the Albert Hall.

- You don't have to be at the Albert Hall.

- They're playing Beethoven.

- Beethoven won't mind.

You've been gone a long time.

- Are you all right?

- Fine.

Did you leave the house that way?

- What way?

- With a golf sock.

- I must have.

- How could that happen?

How many times have I told you,  
"Keep the kids out of my drawers."

Okay, Steve.

From now on,  
don't rush me when I'm dressing.

All right.

The actuarial reports, their sales receipts.

That's it, Derek, I'm off to lunch.

It's been a long time between lunches.

Nice of you to keep score, Derek,  
but not essential.

- What do I say if someone calls?

- I told you, I'm out to lunch.

One of the long ones,  
or one of the short ones?

What if I told you  
it was none of your business?

I'd say it was one of the long ones.

Like your job here? Just keep talking,  
it'll be one of the short ones.

Hello?

Just a moment. It's for you.

I told you, I'm not here.

I think you are, sir.

Hello?

It's me, I'm sorry,  
I'm not going to be able to make lunch.

What happened?

What didn't happen? The dyes are wrong...

Go away!

They've screwed up all the orders,  
the sizes are all wrong.

I have to get to the warehouse  
to sort it all out.

Can't you put it off until tomorrow?

I can't. They have to be on the plane  
for New York today.

Can you make dinner?

- I don't think I can.  
- I can get a sitter.  
I think we've got something planned.  
Dinner could go all the way to breakfast.  
Breakfast?  
Let me see what I can do.  
God bless you, Mr. Blackburn.  
Now! What was all that...  
Would you run down and get me  
one of those Italian sandwiches?  
One of the long ones  
or one of the short ones?  
Just get the sandwich, Derek.  
Hello?  
Hi, did I catch you?  
I'm going out the door.  
- Don't hurry.  
- What?  
A call came in, I have to get a prospectus  
out to New York and Oslo, immediately.  
My God.  
If I work straight through,  
I can be there by 11:00, okay?  
Why don't we forget tonight?  
If you've got to work, work.  
Don't blow a fuse...  
Hold on just a second.  
Hello? Could you wait a second, please?  
Vickie, don't be ridiculous.  
I'll be there by 11:00, no matter what.  
If my work isn't done, I'll finish later.  
- Is that okay?  
- Perfectly.  
You sure?  
Absolutely, I'm sorry I sounded like a twit.  
Forget it, see you at 11:00.  
- Hello?  
- Hello, Steve?  
Hello, Gloria.  
Where are you?  
What do you mean? The office.  
You called me.  
You're supposed to be home,  
getting ready.

The curtain goes up at 7:30.

- What curtain?

- Preview of the new Pinter play.

UNICEF benefit, I'm on the committee.

My God, I forgot.

Gloria, I've got to get a report out to Oslo and New York. It'll take hours.

Then go back and finish it after the play, but come home now.

I'm not walking into that theater alone.

Okay. Okay.

When does the play finish?

All right, but I'm gonna have to work later, much later.

All right, but come home now.

Oh, Christ.

Oh, no.

Damn.

Hello.

- We met on the stairs.

- Yes. How are you?

I'm well, thank you. Sorry to bother you now, but do you have oregano?

I hope not. I had a checkup last week.

No.

Actually, it's an herb.

I was doing some cooking...

...and I ran out.

No. I don't have much use for my kitchen, know what I mean?

Of course not.

There's a delicatessen in Dean Street, just across Shaftesbury Avenue.

Of course, I'll try there. Thank you.

Hello. A jar of oregano, please.

Fourteen pence.

Fourteen pence.

Cheers, thanks very much.

- Hello!

- Hello.

- Finish your work?

- No, I've got to get back.

- It must be an important account.

- Tremendous.

Forty-five ships, \$70 million in insurance.

- What's that?

- It's chicken chasseur.

- What's that smell?

- Oregano.

I ran out of it, earlier this evening.

I had to go to the delicatessen

to get some more.

- At this hour?

- At this hour.

A funny thing happened on the way back  
from the delicatessen.

I bumped into Shaftesbury Avenue  
as the theaters were letting out...

...and how was the play?

- I tried to call you.

- Of course.

I did. Gloria rang right after you hung up.

- She's on this committee and...

- A committee.

I forgot about it, I called you right back  
but your line was busy.

Look, if you want to take your wife  
to the theater, please do.

Just don't give me any of this bullshit  
\$75 million and 85 billion ships.

It's no bullshit,  
only it was 45 ships and \$70 million.

I am fed up with you!

I am fed up with this arrangement!

I'm fed up hanging around on the chance...

...you condescend to drop in  
between baseball and golf.

And if you do not have to take  
your children to Kew Gardens.

- We did take our...

- Lf you want a whore, step outside...

...and press any button marked "French."

You are a thoughtless, callous, selfish...

Do not touch me.

Do not.

Oh, Christ.

I'm beginning to sound like a wife.

Inland Telegraph?

This is account 1-2-0-8-7.  
Goes to Vickie Alleccio.  
A-L-L-E-S-S-l-O.  
Flat 4.

**Message:**

"Darling, our fat friend was right.  
"Only it didn't cost \$18,000.  
"It cost a lot more.  
"Signed, Steve."  
Could you read that back, please?  
That's it. Thank you.  
Inland Telegraph. This is 1-2-0-8-7.  
I sent a telegram about 20 minutes ago.  
Can you stop it?  
You can?  
Cancel it, immediately. Thank you.  
"Steve...  
"Steve, you made me feel 18  
for the first time in my life."  
Oh, shit!  
Shit, shit.  
I got some lasagna at the Terrazza.  
Come and get it.  
Vickie?  
Taxi!  
Taxi!  
- Would you care to share it?  
- Are you married?  
Yeah.  
You take it.